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WALTER G. SMITH - - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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MEMORIAL DAY.

On the 30th of May the flowers look up with their beautiful eyes from the grassy graves of our soldiery. It is the same look whether the form that lies beneath was covered in life with the blue or the gray, whether the face was white or black, whether the soul was brave or cowardly. And so the fair hands that place them there show equal tenderness to all. The lesson taught is as old as Death—that Time is the assuager of grief, the subduer of passion.

THE UNWELCOME SETTLER.

Soon after Colonel Tom Fitch made his first appearance on this beach, he showed his Aesopian discernment of things Hawaiian by telling this diverting fable: "Honolulu," he said, "has two committees to welcome strangers and both of them meet every steamer from the coast. One set carries a basket of leis and the other a basket of eggs. When a passenger comes down the gangplank he is asked to tell why he is here. If he says: 'I have come to tour your beautiful islands,' the lei committee decorates him with a maile wreath. But if he says, 'I have brought down a few thousand dollars that I want to invest in land or business and grow up with the country,' the egg committee unlimbers and plasters him in the eye."

We are always reminded of this veracious fiction when we consider the ways of our people in promotion work. For years the Territory has been seeking tourists—seeking them with an avidity which stops at no expense. Even when it costs $200 to get a tourist who spends $150, we are only too delighted; and we now and then wonder if it wouldn't be best to widen the margin to $250, complaining, meanwhile, that we never can get enough of these transient guests even at such prices, to make a respectable balance of trade against us.

While this has been going on—all the time, mind you—there has been an unheeded knocking at the door. Who was outside—who is outside? The man who wants to come here and buy a farm and improve it and add to the wealth of the country. He is most decidedly outside. He offers us more of value than fifty tourists could give, even if they spent twice the money here that is laid out in getting them to come. But is he welcome? Ask him. The last one who told us his experience in inquiring about land at the land office had all the attention the egg committee could give him. Hundreds upon hundreds of letters have been written to the land office every year during the last ten by men who had money to pay for farms here and we have yet to hear of any one whom the replies of the land office have brought in. And now the Promotion Committee, also overburdened with letters from would-be settlers, announces that it will do its best to find out what public land we have and how it can be secured. We congratulate it. But think of a Territory which is eager for tourists in a position not to take advantage of settlers—a Territory, the Promotion Committee of which is all at sea after a decade marked by constant importunity for homesteads, as to what we have to offer and how the seeker for a home here can get somebody to take his money.

Nor is this all! There is an absolute certainty that, if a settler comes and inquires around, he will meet an egg committee on every corner, saying: "Go back! Go back!" And the chances are that he will take the next steamer for home, leaving behind him a vacant, smiling principality of soil full of potential pineapples, coffee, tobacco, rubber, small fruits and sisal.

Was there ever a condition like this before under the American flag except in the old slave States of the South before the war?

Venerable Punch is stodgy at times. The day was when men like Leech and Du Maurier lent it the luster of their genius, while Thackeray, Mark Lemon and Burraud did for it some of their best work. There has been a sad falling off of late years, but once in a while its American admirers run across something that really amuses them. In a recent number was a sketch of a robust young American woman built somewhat on the lines of a vaudeville star. She leans through the door and addresses a gentleman wearing a dilapidated hat and slouchy trousers. He is smoking a two-cent cigar, and sits with his feet on the back of the chair in front of him. Underneath the sketch is this legend:

"Fair American (hearing the dinner gong): 'Gues, Popp, yaid better jump into a boiled shirt. There goes the hash hammer.'"

This will be recognized at once, not only as deliciously humorous, but a wonderfully faithful reproduction of the common American vernacular. Mr. Punch is looking up.

When the "shouting and the tumult dies," the people will see that Congress had very good reason indeed not to make a Vice Admiral of Rear Admiral Evans. Rank above that of Rear Admiral is reserved in our navy for men who have won great victories; and Evans has never held flag rank in any war. His bringing the Atlantic fleet around the Horn, like the bringing by Admiral Rojestvensky of the Baltic fleet from European to Asiatic waters, was an evidence of careful seamanship which every government expects of its marine commanders. But it could not, in Evans' case, justify a promotion which has so far been denied the Rear Admiral who won the victory of Santiago. Congress did well not to cheapen one of the two great prizes of the naval career.

Ernest N. Smith, the Advertiser's San Francisco correspondent, will be found, in his letter of current issue, to have given Honolulu some useful hints about the entertainment of the fleet. As secretary of the Sightseeing committee of San Francisco, Mr. Smith was on the inside of the show. His statement that the officers and enlisted men want typical Hawaiian entertainment bears out what others have said; and there is much worth thinking over in his remark that the seafaring men want to get out in the country. Perhaps a big free lunch on Tantalus or on the top of Punchbowl would have charms not even to be found in one given in the classic precincts of the Fishmarket.

The Star charges that Sheriff Iaukea suspended an officer charged with grafting and that the Advertiser saw no reason why he shouldn't do so, when both might have stood by the man in the fine old Brown-Star fashion. Doubtless Sheriff Iaukea will aprreciate the compliment as well as this journal does. It is not the habit of either to protect men in their employ or on their side in politics who may violate a public trust. As for the disciplinary measures taken against the man in question the Star says they followed newspaper exposure, when, as a matter of fact, the offender had been suspended by Sheriff Iaukea two days before the press heard of the case.

Senator Platt has been fortunate in the Mae Wood case, fortunate especially in the fact that his power to influence courts and juries has not wholly gone. Nobody who has followed Platt's long and tortuous career had much faith in his statements about his social relations; for it was this same great political boss who was driven from public life in 1881, failing of re-election then to the United States Senate, and all on account of a woman not his wife. Before long his present term in the Senate will have ended and that time, no doubt, will see the end of a public career which has been conspicuous but never honorable.

Gov. Frear did not get a promise from Andrew Carnegie of a library building for Honolulu but he at least dispelled the idea that eminent man held a few years ago as to the political status of these islands. When Prof. Scott tried to interest him in the library project the answer implied that Mr. Carnegie was confining such benefactions to the United States. Now that the Master of Skibo knows what status Hawaii has, he may look upon Honolulu's appeal with an auspicious rather than a drooping eye.

> The mail reports from Washington today confirm the Star's statement that the Bates Pearl Harbor bill was killed in the Senate.—Star, May 25.

Nothing of the kind occurred, as Representative Bates' letter, printed elsewhere in this paper, will show. Where the Star got its information of the killing of the measure in the Senate, only its fiction editor knows. Perhaps it was where the blind German got his idea of a camel—from inner consciousness.

Panama is following the example of Cuba in declaring that its real political status is hazy; it doesn't know really whether it is a republic or a tupenny hapenny oligarchy. Half an hour's solemn interview with Uncle Sam will probably throw light on the vexed question.

A CENTURY OF NEW CATHOLICISM.

The week beginning April 26 was devoted by the Catholics of New York to a celebration of their first centennial. They commemorate, says The Catholic News (New York), as quoted by the Literary Digest, "what is probably the most marvelous instance of the growth of the Catholic Church on record." When the diocese of New York was created, says this authority, the entire territory of the United States made up one see. But on April 8, 1808, Pope Pius VII. erected Baltimore into a metropolitan see and created the new sees of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown. Some further historical and statistical facts are given herewith:

> The diocese of New York as at first created comprised the States of New York and New Jersey. In this vast area there were then only what we consider today a handful of Catholics, with a few places of worship. Now the original diocese of New York is divided into nine dioceses—those of New York, Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Newark, Ogdensburg, Rochester, Syracuse, and Trenton, which have a Catholic population of more than three millions. The diocese of New York alone has 1,200,000 Catholics, who worship in 317 churches and 186 chapels, and whose spiritual welfare is looked after by 894 priests, 298 of whom are members of religious orders. In the seminary at Dunwoodie are 124 ecclesiastical students, and in Rome the diocese is represented by 13 seminarians. The preparatory seminary has 141 students. There are in the colleges and academies for boys 3339 students, and in those for girls 3736. The parish schools for boys and girls are providing a thorough education for 65,152 pupils. In many charitable institutions the diocese is caring for a multitude of God's poor.

The New York Sun, in the course of a long historical editorial, pays this tribute to the tenacity of this church in the face of obstacles:

> The astonishing multiplication of Catholics in New York City has been paralleled by their extraordinary advance in respect of wealth, political distinction, professional eminence, and general education. We can only appreciate the phenomenal progress by looking back a hundred years and recalling the fact that in 1808 wise observers had good reason to believe that the Catholic Church, driven out of Northern Europe by Luther and Henry VIII. and thrown into terrible confusion in Latin countries by the French Revolution, was in its death-agony and had not strength enough left to put forth a new effort on the western side of the Atlantic. When the first bishop of the New York diocese was consecrated, Catholicism was feebler in the city and State than any obscure Protestant sect, and in the opinion of almost all disinterested onlookers it was destined so to remain. As the Rev. John Talbot Smith points out in his history of "The Catholic Church in New York," the twentieth century opens upon a very different scene. "Nowhere in the American Commonwealth," he says, "does the Catholic Church stand so firm and so high as in the City of New York, which is, indeed, a candlestick that would make the weakest light far-reaching." It is, Dr. Smith adds, the greatest religious force in the metropolis.
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> Social reformers and political leaders know well what it stands for. It stands for religion in individual human existence, and consequently it opposes with vigor the advance of indifferentism and agnosticism in American life. It stands for religion in education. It has organized a church-school system the fruits of which, in Dr. Smith's judgment, already shame the dry-rotten product of mere intellectualism. The Catholic Church stands also for indissoluble marriage. The divorce evil has not so much as stained the garments of the Catholic citizens of New York. It stands, finally, for the existing civil order. Catholicism marshals its sons against the errors that would destroy American liberty—such fatal perversities as Socialism and Communism. American statesmen know that the Catholic Church stands for an antisocialistic policy, and that they will find for times of trouble a sure rampart in the principles of American Catholicism.

The New York Evening Post, commenting upon the Protestant attitude toward the Catholic Church, observes that if Protestants should be asked to participate in the centenary meetings and should speak out frankly the thoughts in their hearts, "they could bear a testimony which would be, in some years, more telling than any coming from within the church." Continuing it says:

> Remembering the old and bitter anti-Catholic feeling, it marks a great transformation that today it would be safe to say that the Protestant churches would look upon the extinction or withdrawal of the Catholic churches as a great calamity. This does not imply that religious or even theological conviction has broken down; but that tolerance has broadened and that eyes have been open to see the facts. We are certain that Protestant denominations would be simply aghast and appalled if they were asked to take over the work of the Catholic Church in New York. They could not begin to do it.

An enterprising dressmaker has invented a corset which she hopes to have adopted by officers in the army. The gallant sons of Mars will boldly face the cannon's mouth, but it will be a small majority that will endure the torture of buckram and stays.